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JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIII. No. 610 | SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1918. | ONE PENNY.

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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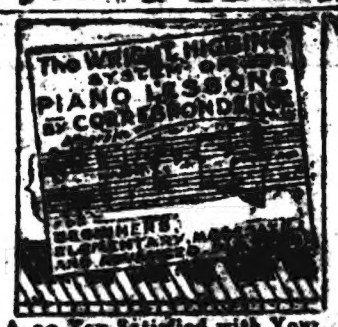

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	Table 1. ANNUAL PREMIUM £1 15 0
Death	£1000
Loss of both hands or both feet or both eyes, or one hand and one foot, or one hand or one foot and one eye	£500
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Permanent Total Disablement (other than the loss of a limb or limbs provided for above)	£250
Temporary Total Disablement (payable for a period not exceeding 52 weeks) per week	£6

	Table 2. ANNUAL PREMIUM £1 5 0
Death	£600
Loss of both hands or both feet or both eyes, or one hand or one foot, or one hand or one foot and one eye	£300
Loss of one hand or one foot or one eye	£150
Permanent Total Disablement (other than the loss of a limb or limbs provided for above)	£150
Temporary Total Disablement (payable for a period not exceeding 52 weeks) per week	£4

	Table 3. ANNUAL PREMIUM £1 0 0
Death	£500
Loss of both hands or both feet or both eyes, or one hand and one foot, or one hand or one foot and one eye	£500
Loss of one hand or one foot or one eye	£250
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	Table 4. ANNUAL PREMIUM £1 0 0
Permanent Total Disablement (other than the loss of a limb or limbs provided for below)	£1000
Loss of both hands or both feet or both eyes, or one hand and one foot, or one hand or one foot or one eye	£1000
Loss of one hand or one foot or one eye	£500

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Permanent total disablement (other than the loss of a limb or limbs provided for above)	One year's wages of the injured person.
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Vol. XXIII. No. 610. Week ending Saturday February 9th, 1918. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Recent "Fire."

Our Printers are making every effort to overcome the difficulties occasioned by the destruction of practically the whole of the plant used in the production of this journal, but some time must necessarily elapse before new machinery can be built and erected. Meanwhile we ask the indulgence of our readers towards any occasional departure from the old shape and appearance.

"Are We Downhearted?"

For ourselves—a thousand times, No! But our heart is, indeed, sad and heavy at the terrible toll of human life involved.

A Clerical Hero.

And we desire to pay our respectful homage to the memory of a great Priest of God—the Rev. E. H. Mosse, Rector of St. Paul's, Covent Garden—who perished in a recent raid. Beloved by all and mourned by all, his death was worthy of the man, and also of the Master whom he served so well.

Raid Shelters.

Isn't it about time the Local Authorities arranged to inspect the various warehouses and other buildings which have been passed as safe for raid shelters? The present arrangement, under which the Police appear to have the sole responsibility, is grossly unfair not only to the general public, but equally to the employees of the firms. In a recent raid—of which we write elsewhere—one firm alone has sustained nearly a hundred casualties amongst its men.

"Not Recognised"!

According to the *United Methodist* (we again express our pleasure at learning that Methodists *are* united), "Mr. Bottomley, whatever his attributes, is not thought of primarily, or even secondarily, as a recognised writer of prose." Not "recognised"—and the brim of our hat is always having to be repaired!

The Epping Forest Rabbits.

Who will join our shooting party—for a large game drive one Sunday in Epping Forest?!

Litvinoff.

Surely the Government has courage enough to decline any truck with this impostor—whose real name is Murdach Mordkovich Buchman.

An Ethical Committee.

That the purpose of the recent Select Committee was purely "ethical" is shown by a letter received by one of our readers from the Secretary: "By the terms of the Reference the Committee are precluded from going into the question of specific schemes." There, see, the object was to ascertain whether Premium Bonds were "naughty"!

A Judgment!

Thus an anonymous correspondent:—"Whilst I greatly sympathise with the loss of life incurred on your premises by the recent fire, I consider the resulting damage is a judgment upon you for your misrepresentation of the butchers' retail trading." What a lot of things Providence *is* made responsible for!

Winston the Hustler.

What a hustler Winston is! We came across him, the other day, personally inspecting the ruins of a big printing establishment after one of the recent raids. *That's* the kind of Minister we like.

A Couple of Quotations.

Vice-Admiral Bacon (Vice-Admiral, Dover), February 10th, 1917: "Do not worry too much about submarines." *Daily News and Leader*, September 8th, 1916: "With the disappearance of the German submarine as a capital factor in the war, the British Navy has driven another nail into the coffin of Prussian militarism." We propose giving a few more at intervals.

Another Prophet.

This from brother H. G. Wells, writing on September 8th, 1916: "I agree to risk my reputation as a soothsayer. In November the Germans will begin to squeal, and in seven months the end will come." Too bad of Haig!

Proportional Representation.

We are sorry that the Commons have again rejected this Amendment to the Reform Bill. It is surely time we removed the anomaly of a Member of Parliament representing a minority of the electors.

Fining Absent Tommies.

Several cases have recently come before us of absent Tommies (at the Front) being summoned to serve on juries and then fined for non-attendance—their wives being bombarded with official notices and demands. Oh, dear us!

Ramsay's Slip.

Thus the mis-representative of Leicester: "A well-educated man would be ashamed to be seen with a paper of which JOHN BULL is a type." Well, we have frequently seen Ramsay with it!

Tin for Tino.

Now that France declines to finance Tino, we should certainly follow her example. The whole thing was an outrage from the start.

Easily Remedied.

"If only our pen could write!" laments the Editor of the *Trench Echo*. Easily remedied: try a JOHN BULL Pen!

War Propaganda.

Reynolds's Newspaper understands that "the name of a well-known London Editor and of an equally well-known private member of Parliament are mentioned in connection with the post of Director of War Propaganda." We understand that, as an alternative to the creation of such a post, a Committee of Government journalistic hacks is to be entrusted with the work. Can you wonder that there is public unrest?

The Use of the Censor.

The Press Bureau objected to our advertising the fact that there had been "a serious fire at our printers' works"; but they authorised us to announce that "a large part of their premises had been destroyed by fire." See the difference?

A Revised Notice.

By the way, the following printed Notice appears just inside the entrance to the Ministry of Munitions at Charing Cross Building: "Period of Air Raid Vigilance now of—until further notice," the last three words being added on a separate slip, in red ink. Time it were taken down.

The Whisky Ramp.

How is this—from a letter written by a firm of Leith distillers? "In consequence of a current rumour to the effect that the exportation of Scotch whisky will be prohibited at an early date, we are endeavouring to distribute our stock without delay, and we beg to offer you 200 cases at 43s. nett per case." The letter is dated January 15th!

The Dismal Dean.

Dean Inge, at any rate, doesn't approve of our War Aims. "We shall never destroy German militarism," he says, "even if we destroyed the German army." For ourselves, we don't much mind militarism without an army!

Munition Workers and Food

Cannot some special arrangement be made to enable women munition workers to get food for their households? By the time they finish work, the shops are closed.

"Watch Russia."

What are the odds that within a couple of years we shall not be fighting Russia, led by German officers, on the North-Western frontier of India?

Hurry Up, Haig!

There is little time to spare if the war is to end according to the prophecy of Revelation and of Daniel. The date is approximately February 23rd.

A Job for the Conchies.

We understand that, apart from the new Labour Battalions, there are men well over military age in France who have been engaged for three years and more in severe manual labour. Why not give the Conchies a trial?

Gospel and Grub.

Abercarn, like other places, needed a Food Inspector, £150 a year being on offer. Abercarn, again like other places, muddled the business. It appointed an ex-Baptist pastor, a second Baptist pastor being already installed as Assistant to the Executive Officer. Well, the food in the district should be "good."

Two Offences.

Before the Bench at Kenilworth, Jan. 23rd —John Adkins, for selling bread under weight (25 loaves were found deficient) was fined 10s.

Before the Bench at Kenilworth, Jan. 23rd. —Wm. Arthur Rathbone, for riding a bicycle upon the footpath at Cubbington, was fined 10s.

But which was the worse offender?

Sussex Pictures.

At Hove is a lovely residence, with large garden and grounds, facing the sea. Much money has been spent on the premises, but they have now been vacated by the Air Service—and German prisoners are going to that choice spot. Have we no British wounded or convalescents? At Lewes on Sunday arrived 17 tons of coal for the German prisoners. As they do not work on Sunday, the coal had to be unloaded by R.D.C. men, who work seven days a week.

Landlord and Tenant.

The law says a landlord may move out a tenant when he requires the house for his own occupation, but it weighs hard on the wife of a soldier, of 17 years' service, to go at the bidding of a young Class A man, on munitions, doing so well financially that he has got married. The Magistrates at Lancaster were compelled to make an Ejectment Order, but the lady was given a month's grace. Perhaps the young landlord—one George Shaw—will think a little in the interval.

Merely Victims!

A recent announcement by that unpatriotic gang, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, is headed with this: "Thousands of the 'Enemy Aliens' interned in Great Britain are merely victims of circumstances—some of the 'Strangers' and 'Enemies' of whom Jesus spoke." The pacifists and defeatists responsible for that blasphemous statement should remember that Britons interned in Germany have been the victims of the vilest cruelty and murder.

Butchering and Bribery.

Each day, so we are told, Caledonian and Smithfield Markets have a new scheme to plunder the retailer—one of their latest being to charge sheep at controlled prices, plus carriage, 2½ per cent. commission, and 10s. to £1 for head and pluck. "Because we stand out against these practices," alleges the complainant, "we are unable to get our supply." Reminds us rather of the lively flea of Swift's old gag: "So, naturalists observe, a flea Has smaller fleas that on him prey; And these have smaller still to bite 'em: And so proceed *ad infinitum*."

"Still They Come!"

A number of claims in connection with the recent raids will have been paid by the time these lines are read. If you have not already done so, fill up the coupon on page 12.

Abingdon Ecco's Half-Day.

On a recent Wednesday the Shell Factory at Abingdon Ecco closed down for half-a-day in order to pay the last tribute to the Managing Director. Nearly 1,000 men and women were affected, and upon receiving their weekly wage they found themselves *minus* half-a-day's pay. Such meanness discourages good work.

Skimmed Milk.

One reason for the scarcity of butter is that farmers do not trouble to make it because they get plenty of money for their milk. A remedy would be the sale of full-cream milk for children and invalids only, selling skimmed milk for ordinary purposes. Then farmers and dairymen would be compelled to turn the cream into butter.

Rabbits.

At Fort Wellington, near Gosport, thousands of rabbits are running wild. Our information is that for years hardly any have been caught there. What about letting the soldiers at the Fort have a day or two's sport? "A few ferrets would do the trick," it seems, "and the rabbits then could be brought into market at Lord Rhondda's price." "Everybody his own poacher" would pretty soon solve the rabbit question.

Defying the Government.

Some men of the R.D.C. are working on the land near Harewood, Leeds. They complain of being billeted with a man who "will not have them in the house, so they have to pig in a barn," and who "defies the Government to put them in a house." As the men are compelled to buy food out of their own pockets because of poor rations, it is time the Government took up that man's gage of defiance and "compelled" him to other ways.

Discovered.

We now know the precise whereabouts of all the cheese and bacon which suddenly vanished from our eagle vision about Christmas. Lord Rhondda has just told us. "In one week of December," he says, "three million pounds of bacon and four million pounds of cheese were destroyed." The fishes immediately started to have a lovely feed—so much so that even sprats came to market fat and fussy at eightpence a pound. It really *is* a lovely war, isn't it?

The Money Held Back.

Army shirt makers have another grievance, besides the sweating rate. Parkhurst Barracks does dole out 8d. for a shirt, instead of 7d., but keeps the poor women waiting for their money. Usually it pays four weeks' money at a time, £1 1s. 4d.—eight shirts made every week for 5s. 4d. But the invariable practice is to retain three weeks' earnings in hand. When those women have stitched and toiled their hearts out, they need their pay. Decency and common justice demand it.

Deserters.

Our recent paragraph, entitled "The King's Pardon," has attracted the eye of a correspondent who avers that large numbers of men deserted "for reasons outside Army affairs," and that they would go back if they were assured of pardon or of not being punished until after they had helped with their best to beat the Huns and thus have a claim to mercy. "I know at least twenty personally," says this man; "we are all trained soldiers, in the Army before war broke out." Isn't it worth the while of Sir Auckland Geddes to see what he can do here?

A Bit Thick.

We are informed that at the Fourth General Northern Hospital, Lincoln, there are five Lieutenant-Colonels, R.A.M.C., drawing full pay, in addition to a large staff of doctors of lower rank. For fear they should get in each other's way, the crowded medicos are strictly rationed in the matter of work, the higher grades having particularly "cushy" billets. Evidently, the Fourth General Northern needs combing out.

Starving the Pro.

Actors and music-hall performers on tour in the provinces are often unable to buy food in towns they visit, on the plea that they are not residents and registered customers. It should be a simple matter for local Food Officers to arrange for proper supplies, perhaps through the medium of landladies who let professional apartments. It seems like the act of an enemy to starve performers who are always the first to give their services and their money to the good cause.

Disgrace and Shame.

If what is currently reported of the Executive of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners is correct, they are a disgrace to Trade Union officialdom. Report is that they have advised the members of the Society not to accept posts as Instructors to disabled soldiers. An attitude such as this is outside the pale of patriotic citizenship. If it were not for wounded soldiers, the Executive might long ago have found themselves working for the hellish Hun—for more kicks than ha'pence.

Some Skinflint Shipowners.

It is startling to hear there are still some shipowners who pay to masters not a penny more wage than they paid when the war began. They rely on old servants being loth to leave, and that is trading on fidelity. The National Maritime Board, formed last year, should at once regulate the position; as it exists, there are shipmasters actually receiving less than their officers or donkeymen, as the latter get overtime money. Yet on that neglected shipmaster is centred the safety of all—men, boat, and cargo.

Native Wit.

This, from Wallsend, is delicious—and caustic: "Four publicans continue to get exemption; they work on farms for an hour, but know as much about farm work as a frog does about side-pockets. They would be just the men for going over the top; they are used to jumping over the bar. A grocer who charged 5s. a stone for flour in 1914, exempt, is now a volunteer officer, and wounded men must salute him. I hope you receive this on a meatless day, as you will not be fed up." The worse the day, the better the screed.

Thrashing a Baby.

When Henry Sterne, a Hundon schoolmaster, was summoned for assaulting a five-year-old pupil, it was not denied that he had laid the little chap across a desk and thrashed him with a cane. Having examined the cuticle, Dr. E. A. Piggott, of Clare, drew the inference that the youngster had received 8 or 10 strokes, resulting in an "exquisite tenderness of the skin." However, the Clare Magistrates discharged the defendant on payment of the expenses—although, personally, we should not have been quite so easy with a man who had been so hard on a baby of five. Mr. Henry Sterne is too strong in the arm.

Is It Fair?

This from a soldier's wife: "Do you think it is fair for a business firm to send round strong healthy men, fit for the Army, to bully us into paying debts incurred by our husbands before the war?" The answer is an emphatic "No!" Besides, it cannot be too widely known that in such cases protection is afforded by the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act

A Delayed Pension.

An ex-soldier, discharged from the Army in December, 1915, as "permanently and totally disabled," tells us that, in pursuit of his pension claim, he has written two letters to the King, two to the Prime Minister, sixteen to Members of Parliament, three to the Chelsea Appeals Court, and a hundred or so to the Ministry of Pensions, but with no satisfactory result. Yet, on a casual survey, the case appears simple enough, and the man's right to a pension long before this indisputable.

Stunned.

A Streatham man notices that Grimsby firms are advertising kippers and bloaters at 6s. a box, carriage paid. There are 40 bloaters in a box, he says, so he has probably counted 'em, and as the Food Controller's fixed maximum is a 1s. per bloat, the foundations of marble halls for the retail fish trade seem well and truly laid. "I see this morning's bloaters marked up at 6d. each," he remarks, with an audible gasp. Happily the maximum for kippers has not yet matured; but the fish market may not keep us long.

"A Home of Rest."

The Ministry of Munitions informs us officially that at the City Exhibition Hall, Manchester, of the 1,970 persons employed, 1,830 are women, examiners and packers. Our point, however, was that the place is enormously over-staffed, and that the work could be more successfully accomplished by fewer women and not so many foremen or overseers.

The Fat of the Land.

According to late news from a Midford resident, "there are plenty living on the fat of the land." Passing on this information to local Food Control Committees, we desire to say that if and when and as often as they catch anybody living on the fat of the land, they have our permission to prosecute the sinner with the utmost rigor of the law. The fat of the land ought to be fairly rationed.

Funny Socialism.

A curious monthly publication is *The Revolution*, described as "The Official Organ of the Socialist School, Glasgow." It proclaims "Work is Toil, and Degrading," but claims the land for "the common inheritage of the people"—to be "worked" by the "agricultural workers." How toilsome, and how degrading! It prints a poem, dedicated to Karl Marx, the German, "born at Treves on the 5th day of May, 1818. Died on the 14th March, 1883"! Two lines may be quoted: "Great was his genius and true was his art, That he left to the Proletariat." Some of the other lines are rather worse.

£500 for a "Bullet."

In connection with our "Bullets" Competition the First Prize has been increased to £500 *for this week only*. Go in and win!

Food or Soap?

Intelligent and observant railwaymen notify us that a wagon load of beef-fat went to some soap works at Manchester from the South Camp, Ripon. The Army should realise that beef-fat makes dripping. Instead of allowing it to accumulate and go bad, it should reach the people through a distributing centre.

"A Traders' Licence."

Apropos of a Traders' Licence all round, a Grimsby man in the fish line is sarcastic. No trader, he asserts, would mind an all-round licence providing he could obtain the publican's fat profits on bewitched water miscalled whisky, at sixpence a smell, or miscalled ale at 5d. a swallow. Too proud to row, the publican is as silent as the grave.

Weekly Ships.

It has yet to be seen how merchant seamen on weekly ships are to get their rations. Weekly ships are those where the men are paid weekly wages and find their own food. Some run for private owners, some for the Admiralty. Out of 19 men on a collier transport, only one received a Sugar Card though all applied on their last trip they had no sugar and no meat. It is not comfortable to be washing about the sea without food and the situation requires to be coped with.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities Notorieties, and occasionally Nonentities.

To His Grace the Bishop of London.

DEAR BISHOP,—For the first time, I have seen and heard you in the pulpit; and I rather liked you. It was at the funeral of that dear, gallant priest, the Rev. E. H. Mosse, Rector of St. Paul's, Covent Garden—who sacrificed his life during a recent air raid. Your address was a model of what such an address should be—a little "churchy" perhaps, but we were in church. It was all very impressive and beautiful—and its solemnity pierced the soul; but I shall never think we have seen the true memorial to poor Mosse until we gaze upon the charred ruins of the Kaiser's palace. Still, I thank you for that Service. After all, the Church is a wonderful thing—and you are a wonderful Bishop.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Auckland Geddes, Director-General of National Service.

DEAR SIR AUCKLAND,—Do please be careful. Your announcement that, under the new Man Power arrangements, "uninterned enemy aliens will, as far as possible, be put to work of national importance or else interned," seems to me to contain the seeds of dire peril and even of terrible disaster. Upon most enterprises of "national importance" it would be hazardous in the extreme to employ even the most "harmless" specimens of the genus Hun—and you know my view that the place for every enemy alien is behind barbed wire.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. H. E. Duke, K.C., Chief Secretary for Ireland.

DEAR MR. DUKE,—I am seriously alarmed at the fierce outbreaks of lawlessness in the more remote parts of Ireland—especially the raids for fire-arms, involving attacks upon British soldiers, which have become a leading feature of the rebel movement. I need scarcely say that in any measures which may appear necessary to check such outrages, and to protect the troops, you will have the support and sympathy of every right-thinking citizen on both sides of the Irish Sea.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Jenkyn Edwards, Penny Drayton.

DEAR RECTOR,—When good people arrange a concert for the benefit of children and soldiers, it seems to me to be quite correct that the modest result should be divided between gifts for the youngsters and a donation to St. Dunstan's. When that was done, quite out of place was your arrogant demand that the proceeds should be applied to that elusive item, "Church Expenses." It seems to hurt you that money should go "out of the village," even for blinded soldiers, whose very existence you appear to doubt or question. I am informed that seven head teachers have left the village school in less than five years. Penny Drayton does not seem a model of peace and content, does it?

JOHN BULL.

To the Military Representative, Borough Tribunal, Kidderminster.

DEAR SLEUTH,—Please desist from asking for the withdrawal of exemption of T. G. Oliver, on the ground that he is not volunteering and doing his drills. He really is. He has been in the Army since September, is a Gunner in the R.G.A., and you can bet he gets plenty of drill. Mistakes will happen, but should not continue to happen, and a man feels hurt when his name appears in his home newspapers as if he were shirking. Similar errors are reported to me from all parts, so I want this to serve as a general appeal for more carefulness.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. Stansfield, Poor Law Medical Officer, Birkenhead.

SIR,—I accept the conclusion of the Coroner's jury that you were in no way to blame for the death of James Needham, a soldier, who died in the Birkenhead Infirmary, as the indirect result of a piece of rubber tubing having been overlooked and left behind in a closed wound. You were not at fault, but you will be guilty of a grave dereliction of duty unless you at once take drastic steps to ensure that no such terrible blunder shall ever recur.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Clifford of Chudleigh.

MY LORD,—I have no doubt that it is your personal experience that noble lords of less than 30 years of age aren't fit to vote, but you mustn't think that applies to all the children of John Bull. We go out into the world and learn things—learn more than you will ever learn. And so your proposal to restrict the franchise to people over 30 is rather silly. Nor is it wise of you to talk of the people as "a herd." Let me assure you that the people don't like to be talked of as cattle—even when cattle are so scarce. And are you so very much brainier than the average hard-working man?

JOHN BULL.

To J. M. Whipp, Esq., Chairman Clitheroe County Magistrates.

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—I suppose when a discharged soldier goes "trespassing in pursuit of conies," he must put up with the consequences, but to prosecute him a second time for "carrying a gun without a licence," on the same occasion, seems an altogether unfair proceeding. I should have expected you to take this view in the case of George Howarth, a man discharged from the Army as recently as November last; instead of which you fined the defendant 20s. on the first occasion, and 40s. on the second—£3 in all—for what was really a single offence, and not a very serious one at that. Consider yourself reprimanded twice.

JOHN BULL.

To the War Tribunal, Council Offices, Finchley.

GENTLEMEN,—I observe that another long sitting did not produce a single recruit. You are so busy directing everybody to get work of national importance that the Army gets nobody. And I notice that when applicants fail to get the national work indicated, you calmly give them three more months' exemption in which to moon around and look for it. When will you really start business, instead of nullifying the object with which you were appointed?

JOHN BULL.

MORE ABOUT THE "COMRADES" SCANDAL.

FURTHER EXPOSURE OF SLIM AND SLIMY METHODS.

AFTER our article of last week, in which we unmasked the methods of the Committee of the "Comrades of the Great War," we should have been content to give the subject a rest. But recent events press upon us the necessity, in the interests of the men for whose rights we are making this public stand, to deal further with the matter. By this time the discharged and demobilised soldiers for whom the "Comrades" are angling with such significant persistency have been able, owing to our exposure, to take the measure of those "gallant officers" who are professing such deep anxiety for the welfare of the Tommy who has done his bit. Since our first article, the "Comrades" have been making frantic efforts to counteract its effects. Their labours have been in vain. Meanwhile, the second article in which we by name accused the Committee of the "Comrades" of being parties to detaching members from the Federation has fallen as an explosive bomb amid their ranks. But before that article, with its extract from the accusing minutes, appeared, Col. W. W. Ashley, M.P., the leading spirit of the "Comrades" Committee, spoke at Salisbury. He did not know that we possessed evidence of the guilt of the Committee. He thought it safe to allow the Chairman of the meeting, Alderman C. Hasking, to repudiate our suggestion that the "Comrades" were out to smash the Federation. The Chairman, according to a lengthy report of the proceedings in a local paper, "expressed his satisfaction on learning that there was no question of the Association encroaching on the great work done by existing institutions, but that it was designed to work in harmony with them." Read that declaration and then read once more the extract from the minutes of the Committee of the "Comrades" of January 9th :—

> Colonel W. W. Ashley, M.P., the Chairman, pointed out that he had come to the conclusion that it was necessary to more clearly define the position and duties of the Hon. Inspector-General of Organisation; though Captain Simson was doing most valuable work in *counteracting the propaganda of Mr. Hogge's Federation*, he was not in sufficiently close communication with Headquarters. . . . Ultimately it was decided that Captain Simson *should limit his activities exclusively to those towns in which he had been the means of bringing over to the Comrades the members of the Federation of Discharged Soldiers and Sailors.*

So far as the personal abuse by Colonel Ashley, M.P., and Sir Hamar Greenwood, M.P., of the Editor of JOHN BULL is concerned, we are glad to see it. There is no better sign of the poverty of the case of the accused. Whatever they may say, we shall stick to our charges—of which we have abundant proof. When first we criticised the tactics of the "Comrades" and revealed the dirty methods adopted, we expressly dissociated the Committee—those "honourable and gallant gentlemen" who, having done their best to force the wounded men back into the firing line, are now shedding tears of brotherly regard for them. But now we know what *their* game is; that they are spending the money subscribed by generous, if misguided, persons in the dastardly attempt to break up an organisation managed by discharged soldiers for discharged soldiers, and that they have actually commanded their chief organiser, one Donald Simson, to devote his energies to those cities and towns where he has already proved most successful in winning over lads who had already joined the Federation. Abuse never yet hurt JOHN BULL. Ever since the war we have played the part of the soldiers' friend. Tommy believes in us; we have proved our sincerity. Every post brings letters of thanks and congratulations for our exposure of the "Comrades" and for our service to the soldier in proving that the methods of this semi-official organisation, in which my lord This, and my lady That, are showing so much anxious interest are neither "right, straight nor honest." Wherever meetings of the "Comrades" are held, there the speakers are confronted with our charges. They cannot answer them; they prevaricate, they lie, and the soldier who can detect the honest friend from the impertinent patroniser sees through it all. If what we have said about the Comrades of the Great War is false, those whom we have accused have their remedy in Court, and they may have ample security for any damages to which they may think they are entitled. All the time Colonel Ashley was making excuses for not bringing an action for libel, he had the letter of the "Comrades'" solicitor, telling him that no such action would succeed! Need we add that it is a silly and contemptible lie to suggest that our criticism of the "Comrades" is actuated by jealousy and because our "Blue and Khaki League" did not "catch on"? Our scheme was welcomed from one end of the country to the other; thousands of letters came from the trenches applauding its objects. Tommy trusts JOHN BULL. He knows we shall attempt neither to nobble nor to betray him. Neither will we remain silent while his interests are being exploited and his independence jeopardised.

HUSHING IT UP.

CAR CASE WHERE A LADY WAS THE SCAPEGOAT.

At the Spittlegate Petty Sessions was heard a case from Burton Coggles. Lady Zia Wernher, of Boothby Hall, was fined £1 for driving a motor-car without being licensed, and £5 for a breach of the Petrol Order. Lady Zia had driven it to a shooting party—which was a case of pleasure, and not business. The Police Sergeant who proved the case took the names of other persons, against whom no proceedings seem to have been instituted. One gentleman who used a car for the pleasurable purpose of a shoot was a General; it is asserted that he used a Government car, consuming Government petrol. Another sportsman with a car, and out for a joy-ride, was a Colonel, but he had the grace to use his own car. Lady Zia Wernher was made the scapegoat—not a very chivalrous proceeding; and even in her case it appears that the summons was really due to her husband, Major Wernher. By the exercise of some influence, it seems that certain summonses were not issued as they might and should have been, for the sake of saving the faces of officers who preferred to remain unnoticed in the background.

"FULL UP, NO ROOM."

"PLOUGH" TUBE AND TAKE COVER WARNING.

A Clapham reader who chanced to be out in the street when the barrage guns began to boom in the Germhuns' second aerial attack on London on Monday of last week, sought to turn into the Tube station at the "Plough," but found the way barred by two large-sized policemen. On the gates was exhibited a notice in huge letters, such as one frequently sees outside a theatre: "Full Up; No Room." The two policemen continued to hold the fort against the crowd caught in the new raid till women and children began to scream and faint. Then, and not till then, were the gates opened. Inside there was room not only for this little crowd, but for a few hundred more. "Why," our correspondent asks, "this unnecessary exasperation, this added increase of anxiety to nerve-racked people? On the whole, they have conducted themselves in these Tubes with admirable restraint, patience, and considerate gratitude for the privileges allowed to them; I cannot think it is either wise or fair to play these tricks with their fears in such circumstances as I have related." Nor do we

THE REWARD OF VALOUR.

ENLISTED IN 1914, BUT NOT YET A "MAN."

Mr. Charles R. Gell is a book-keeper at the Royal Arsenal. But he is something more than that. In 1914 he was not quite 17; however, being a tall lad, he winked at the recruiting officer, gave a false age, and enlisted. He went out in due course, and was wounded three times. Finally, his left arm became paralysed, and he was discharged. So he got a job at the Arsenal. You would think he had done enough to prove that he was a man. He has served his country as a full-grown soldier, and he ought to be old enough now to serve his country as a full-grown book-keeper. Goodness gracious, no! He's a boy, and until he's 21 he must get boy's wages. All round him in his department there are A1 men of military age, hall-marked "Indispensable." They are men, and they draw their full whack, but the brave soldier is only a boy. Recently munition workers got a 12½ per cent. increase. The indispensables got it, of course. Did Gell get it? Of course not! He's only a boy. It isn't a question of his ability to do his work, but only of his birth certificate. They didn't ask him for that when he joined the Army, because soldiers were needed, and you can find plenty of "men" who are willing to be book-keepers. If Gell was old enough to be taken for a soldier in 1914, he is certainly old enough to be paid as a book-keeper in 1918. We don't suppose it's any use to point out to the Government that he has earned good treatment by his long service and his many wounds. But we wonder, if this is how the Government treats its old soldiers, what it can expect from private firms. Really it is time this kind of stupid injustice was righted. We know all about Trade Union rules—but if a boy is man enough to fight, he is fit to receive a man's wages. Our business is to see justice done to the soldier.

A PUT-UP JOB.

READY-MADE APPOINTMENT OF A FOOD INSPECTOR.

Making a bluff with its pretended virtue, the Whitland (Carmarthenshire) Food Control Committee has perpetrated a shameless job. It pretended to consider the injustice done by hoarding and by overcharging, and resolved to combat this by appointing a Food Inspector. The name of the person to whom the job was to be given was already known and nearly leaked out at the meeting, but one or two respectable members happened to talk of the post being fit for a discharged soldier; so it was decided to advertise the "vacancy." There were four applicants, but we are concerned with only two—a discharged soldier, who offered to work for a salary of £90 (the lowest offer) and T. R. Davies, who wanted £160 (the highest offer). Davies was appointed, as it is alleged in the district, was intended all along. He is a single young man, of eligible age, Class A, and a friend of the Clerk, to whom he has "rendered valuable assistance." Davies is also Deputy Surveyor—his father being Surveyor—and Assistant Agent to two large estates—his father being the Agent. His connection with the Council and the Food Committee will be acknowledged as full and intimate, and nobody on the spot is surprised—only indignant—that he has been so deftly pitchforked into a desirable berth at a cost to the ratepayers of £70 a year more than the ex-soldier was willing to work for. Local feeling, with which we are in entire accord, is that the soldier has been badly treated, and that the advertisement was in the nature of a blind. T. R. Davies being to all intents and purposes "elected" to fill the vacancy directly the post was created. Whether there is not another sphere of usefulness in which that young man may yet serve remains to be seen. In that event justice may be done to the discharged man who has served and who has, so far, been flouted and bamboozled by the Food Committee of Whitland.

THE MODERN PHŒNIX.

As from the fury and the flame
New-born, strong-winged the Phœnix came;

So from the ashes of the slain
Shall vengeance leap to life again.

POTSDAM UNDER THE FLAG.

TINPOT TYRANT OF A CROWN COLONY.

If we send the Kaiser to St. Helena, he will find congenial company. For Lieut.-Col. Dixon, the Acting Governor, has a Hohenzollern mind. There had been curious goings on. Valuable antique furniture—presented, it was said, by the old East India Co.—had disappeared from the public library, and cheap modern stuff had appeared in place of it. If anybody knew where the antiques had gone, nobody said. But Mr. B. Grant, Editor and Proprietor of the *St. Helena Guardian*, very properly asked that question in his paper. Soon after the publication of this paragraph Mr. Grant was requested by His Excellency the Acting Governor to attend at the Castle—hour and date named. Now, Mr. Grant is seventy-seven years old, is infirm, and in ill-health; and the Castle is over a mile from his home. So he wrote politely saying that for these reasons he could not come himself, but would send his representative—whereupon His Excellency ordered "the Editor of the *St. Helena Guardian* to attend at the Castle forthwith." Mr. Grant, ignoring the insolent manner of the official puppy, repeated that he could not come. So the Tin-Potsdammer replied that he knew that Mr. Grant was quite able to come; and come he must. The long-suffering Editor refrained from calling Col. Dixon a liar—he said proudly, however, that he himself is not given to lying, and would the Governor say wherefore the peremptory summoning? The answer to this was the despatch of a hired conveyance *with a policeman on the box.* The next issue of the *Guardian* was the last. The Governor having ordered that a complete copy of the paper should be submitted to him for censoring "before noon the day before publication," Mr. Grant decided to stop. Even his farewell address was censored. Among other lines, these were blue-pencilled: "Freedom of speech, the glorious privilege to speak the truth and to right a wrong, has long been the heritage of every Britisher; and until the 'gag' is removed we have decided to discontinue publication." So, after 54 years of continuous public service, this respected citizen of St. Helena is silenced because he asked who robbed the public. We call upon the Foreign Office to unsling the sabre-rattler home.

THE CLOAK OF CHARITY.

"PHILANTHROPIC" SWINDLER'S LATEST MOVE.

We learn that our recent exposure of the bogus Blind Aid Society and its unprincipled promoter, William Blackburn, has been of considerable service to the charitable public. Meanwhile we have gathered further particulars of the recent activities of the Society, showing the ease with which Blackburn and his confederates have been able to gull well-disposed persons—to whom the man's criminal record is apparently a sealed book. For instance, at Brighton—the very town where this accomplished rascal was convicted of fraud and sentenced to six months' hard labour—seventy or eighty blind people were recently invited to a meeting at the Union Church Institute, the name of the Pastor, the Rev. Rhondda Williams, being used, with or without authority, to give an air of respectability to the proceedings. The blind folk and their friends were addressed by Blackburn himself, although every precaution was taken to conceal his identity, and at one stage of the proceedings some diversion was caused by the discussion—at the instance of a blind member of the audience—of our recent charges against the Society, the interrupter of Blackburn's solo openly denouncing the whole concern as a swindle. It was evident, however, that a good deal of money had been subscribed, a portion of which, for window-dressing purposes, was to be disbursed in cash gifts to the blind—in sums of a shilling each, this munificence being heralded by a postcard to the afflicted, grandiloquently inviting them to "Please come to the New Year's Cash Distribution." No wonder a poor man charged Blackburn with duping them. It is surprising that one local journal should have given a garbled and laudatory report of the proceedings. A similar gathering was held last year at St. Philip's Church, Brixton, where the Rev. F. Howard Sheldon, M.A., was persuaded to give his blessing to the proceedings. To this gentleman and to the Rev. Rhondda Williams, of Brighton, we would address a single pertinent question. Are they aware that William Blackburn, the moving spirit of the Blind Aid Society, has twice been convicted of "charitable" frauds? If so, their countenance of the Society's methods is difficult to explain.

THE RAID OF THE HUN.

Up in the night the black bats hover
Over the sleeping town;
And the cry goes up: "Take cover! Take cover!"
And Death comes down.

* * *

And the night is filled with flame and thunder,
And the weeping wail of the shell;
And here—and there—on the earth—and under,
Are the fires of Hell.

* * *

And here where the strong walls bow and scatter,
High, high piled—
This was a woman—nay, look not at her!
This was a child.

* * *

The old blind gods came up to slaughter,
Pitiless, cold and gay;
And here is a mother, a wife, a daughter,
Crushed into clay.

* * *

All you had in the world to care for—
Mother, or child, or wife!
Blindly you puzzle and wonder wherefore
They took her life.

* * *

What had she done to them? Could they not spare her?
Must they stamp her flesh to a clod?
Must their devilish engines batter and tear her?
Answer us, God!

* * *

We swear by our dead that our heart shall harden;
To stone we will harden our heart.
Henceforth for the Hun there shall be no pardon
Till death do us part.

* * *

We will break *their* houses as ours are broken,
We will slay as the Hun has slain;
We will give them bitter tears for a token
Of all our pain.

* * *

Lest the earth turn to a desolation,
With feet steel-shod
We will spurn and trample this evil nation
With the wrath of God.

JOHN FLINT.

PLEA FOR A HERO'S RELEASE.

SAVAGE SENTENCE ON BRAVE YOUNG SOLDIER.

Fred Hines, a lad of Wellington, Somerset, joined the army under age, and was not eighteen when called up from the Reserve. He fought at Mons, the Marne, and the Aisne, and was wounded four times. He had frost-bitten feet, was injured in the side, had nearly all the calf of one leg removed, lost one rib, and another was fractured. Also, he suffered from shell-shock. When discharged from the hospital and from the Army, he was described as honest, intelligent, and willing. We can imagine no finer record for a young fellow who volunteered to serve his country, and did so faithfully and splendidly. Two weeks after leaving hospital, however, Fred Hines fell into trouble, and at the Somerset Assizes he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for the alleged theft of a bicycle. We say at once and without hesitation that the sentence was brutal and unmerited. Hines was unfortunately under the influence of a little drink and a deal of shell shock. He was not responsible for his actions at the moment; had he been in his right senses, that "honest, intelligent, and willing" hero would never have done a wrong thing. On the broad grounds of ordinary justice, he was entitled to the mercy shown to a first offender. But the country also owes him different treatment from that which he has received because of his own shining merit, which should never be obscured by the darkness of prison for a momentary error when he knew not what he did. For the sake of his mother, for the sake of his several brothers serving in the ranks, we appeal to the Home Secretary to annul that vindictive sentence, and to extend to Fred Hines that King's Pardon to which his wonderful record beyond any doubt entitles him.

FIRE, FLAME

MY VOW to the DEAD—BRING the CRIMI

By THE EDITOR

FIRE, Flame and Fury! Those words have been haunting my brain for days past—ever since, in fact, I stood, in the middle of the night on Monday-Tuesday, January 28th-29th, surveying the wreckage, the devastation, the tragedy of a great enemy air raid. I had been taking quiet and philosophic shelter in the basement of a West-end building, from about eight o'clock, when the "Take Cover" warning was given, till one o'clock in the morning—when a friendly policeman knocked at the door, to tell me that certain premises were in flames—having received a direct hit from an enemy aerial torpedo and that many lives had been lost—the building having been passed by the Authorities as a refuge or shelter for the general public. Need I say that I was soon on the scene? And what a scene it was! Beyond human description—one of those things which in common parlance are "too awful for words." Thus it became my fate—and, I think I can say, my duty—to be witness to incidents that would make the strongest man blanch—move the most callous to tears. Never mind where it was. I am bound to respect the law, made by those who in their blindness would keep from the eyes of the British people all that is calculated to steel the heart and stiffen the muscle of a breed that has never known and never accepted defeat. I wish my pen could picture the awful spectacle of flame and fury, of havoc and ruin, which met my eyes. To what extent we have taken up the challenge of the air—in what manner the Government have set about the task of answering the German in his own coin, matters for the moment but little. The terrible fact, the insistent thought, is that once again the murderer in the air has brought ruin and desolation on various areas of the Metropolis of the British Empire. As I stood "somewhere in London," with aching heart and eyes wet with tears, watching the flames mounting higher and higher, and knowing full well that under the awful debris of bricks and iron lay the mangled bodies of women and children, I could not but feel inflamed by burning indignation—stirred by the spirit of revenge. Then, as I gazed upon the full moon, and the sky blood-red with flames, my thoughts turned to pity; my soul was racked with deepest sympathy, my heart bled for the innocent victims of the insensate hate of the Hun—the men, women and children sacrificed on the fierce altars of a nation's worship of the Demon of Might.

Scene of Death and Desolation.

Let me try to show you the picture which tore at the heart-strings and brought tears to the eyes of the strongest. A great building, with flames licking the skies, with sparks and smoke rising in one huge majestic pile to the heavens. Below in the street, the quiet, wonderful work of the firemen—the stern, merciful men whose sacred duty it is to succour those in danger and to counteract the designs of the Demon of Fire. But there was a more terrible picture yet to confront my gaze—a spectacle so poignant and harassing that I verily believe even a Hun might not view it without a sob of pity. The hurtling bomb from the air—the chance shot of some creature of the Kaiser—had done its fell work. Descending from the comparatively safe altitude of 20,000 feet this death-dealing missile had passed clean through several concrete floors, to explode in awful power and destruction in the basement of the building—where some hundreds of innocent people had assembled for safety! Old men, middle-aged men, women, children, babes at the breast—all were gathered for protection. Those starry heavens of which poets have sung in sentimental rhapsody had become the base for the thunderbolts of a new and hateful Jove. Those "perfect nights" which in days before the war were the shepherd's delight; that moon under which lovers lingered and plighted their troth, were now the signs and symbols, not of romance and happiness, of peace and security—they were the harbingers of murder—the insignia of destruction. God, in His inscrutable plan, had allowed the firmament to become the fearful menace of the weak and the unprotected. This war, so terrible in its instruments of death—so maddening in its appeal to the worst instincts of man—had changed the very firmament itself. To-day, when we read the twinkling stars, and map out the wonders of the Solar system, we think not of the marvels of the Universe, but of the awful dangers from the bomb-charged skies. Such thoughts as those I have but crudely expressed battled through my mind as I stood and watched a great and imposing building held in the grip of the God of Fire. Great tongues of flame rose skywards; immense columns of water poured their challenging weight on to the flames, and slowly—oh, how slowly!—and yet with what wonderful persistency and precision—the Demon was subdued; the Monster let loose was once more enchained. It was then that the spectacle of destroying grandeur, the wonderful picture of devastating fire, turned, as by the sudden magic of the cinema, to one of awful pity, of humbling death. There, down in the basement, where some hundreds of harmless civilians had taken shelter, the ruthless Reaper had made his harvest. It is not my purpose to harrow the feelings or to stab the hearts of my readers. This war has brought us all so face to face with Death that we look at him with something of a smile and, if he pass us on the other side, with almost a genial nod of recognition. But there are the sights of the trenches, and the sad spectacle of the streets. Each is different; each has its own deep and enduring significance. I have stood by the men in our base hospitals; I have been privileged to speak to them words of comfort—yes, and I trust words of Hope. I have shared with the glorious men of the Grand Fleet their vigils in Northern waters; I have seen what they endure. But they are the fighting stock. To them the danger and the privilege, the excitement and the reward—the splendid thought of Duty, the ennobling sentiment of heroic sacrifice.

Bring the Criminals to Justice!

And can you wonder that, with those pictures of the blood-stained trenches and the sullen ocean waters in my mind, my blood boiled, my nerves stiffened in revolt, when I looked upon dear women and children torn to nakedness, blackened into mummies by the awful thunderbolts of the sky? In the name of God, with the voice of the refining centuries of our boasted civilisation ringing in my ears, I ask myself—To what purpose is this waste; why this Armageddon? And, in the name of Justice (which is God), when shall the criminals be brought to trial and what shall be the nature of their sentence? There, in pits filled with the water from innumerable fire engines, floated the bodies of the innocent: old men, twisted into grotesque forms, stared at the avenging skies; a woman with two children at the breast had breathed her last prayer of love and protection; another poor soul—for "all women labouring with child" those words came to me on the night air—had delivered her pitiful burden in the very hour of death! And yonder, surrounded by the scarred bodies of the little ones who had gone to him for cheer and comfort, lay the burnt body of a splendid Rector of the Church! It was his wont on raid nights to visit the shelters of his parish—to cheer the children, to comfort the mothers, to speak brave words to the men—and when the bomb, with murderous directness, crashed through those concrete floors and completed its ghastly task, the first to fall amid the flames and the dust was that "Man of God." Never was the description, often so glibly applied, better deserved. Aged, as he was, in the service of his Master, he knew no fear; shrapnel might fall in a menacing rain, bombs hurtle through the air on their deadly mission—this Rector in Christ went about his work, strong in the faith, happy in the thought of duty well done. God rest his soul! Let his death be a lesson to us all—to the soldier in the field, facing the foe; to those of us whose part it is to watch and wait for the end of this agonising conflict. He is now with the Immortals—decorated with the Cross of God—his soul rests in the peace that comes of duty well done. What a splendid finish to a good life! Fire, flame and fury! Yes, I have seen them. And I have seen what they mean—the coffins of the children; the unrecognisable remains of their parents. I have seen the awful destruction of property—of enterprise, of capital and of labour. And as in the still hours—save for the swish of the fireman's hose and the sullen roar of the flames—I looked on that work of the enemy, I could

AND FURY.

LS to JUSTICE!—DEATH and DESOLATION.

EDITOR.

not but see in my mind the greater picture—a world enveloped in the flame and fury of war. Quietly, peacefully, the nations of the earth pursued their even tenour. Prosperity smiled upon the land; the sun of the late summer tinged the fields. The farmer was gathering in his crops, the merchant and the mechanic went about their business. Everything seemed to be basking in the rays of peace. The world was rich and the world was gay. Thoughts of trouble never entered their heads—save those of a few who scented the danger from afar, and cried out, like Noah, warning all of the danger of the flood and fury. Like those little children who were playing horses, with a piece of string for reins, when the bomb fell—I saw their dear bodies, chafred almost beyond recognition—so the great world played and would not see the danger. But the bomb of war fell, and in its fall it involved the idle and the innocent, the ignorant and the weak. Then our manhood answered the challenge: to-day it stands at bloody grip with the foe, and it depends upon our *moral*, our strength of will, our power to endure, whether the stupendous conflagration which has burst upon mankind shall burn up all that is best in Humanity, or whether from the refining fires of this awful adversity raises on its ashes a greater Empire and a purer world. Those who know me will acquit me of anything like religious sentimentality. But I say in all solemnity, coming as I do straight from sights and scenes which no man can look upon without weeping and wonder, that we must build anew on the ruins or be involved in the debris of destruction. To-day that scene I have endeavoured to picture for you is a spectacle of smouldering ruin. Even as I write, the flames, with angry persistence, significant of my thoughts, have burst forth again; and again they have been subdued.

The Fight With Devilish Elements.

Cannot you see the lesson and parable? The world is aflame—the nations of the earth are in death grips. On the one side callous cruelty, the fight for the Devil's power; on the other Freedom and Civilisation, a struggle for all that is best in human nature. Unless the Allies, the men battling with these flames of Armageddon, put out the fire, stem the holocaust, there will be left the smouldering ruins of a dead world. And at any moment the conflagration may burst out anew; mankind will never know security or peace—and the armies of the world will be forced to stand to attention, ready at any moment to set the engines of destruction into operation once more. I am no blind believer in a League of Nations which will keep the world honest for fear of the International Policeman. Salvation, as the preachers tell us, comes from within, and each nation must work out its own destiny and educate its own people to honour and integrity. My faith is of a simpler kind. "Might is Right only when Right is Might. Germany has violated all the creeds of men; she has set at defiance every law by which the Peoples of the earth keep faith and friendship. She has set the world ablaze. Fire and fury are the challenge to Honesty and Humanity. If it were possible that the Hun could prevail, all that is best in the religion of Humanity—all that is purest in the brotherhood of man—would be destroyed, and smouldering ruins, hiding the dead bodies of Justice and Right, would bestrew the world. But where there is smoke there is fire. Never let it be forgotten that unless we crush this destroying flame, and put out the devastating fires we shall be called upon—even within the lifetime of the oldest of us—to battle once more with these Devilish elements and to make anew those sacrifices of the blood of the beloved in order to damp down the fires of Lust and Greed. No one can have gone through the harrowing experience which has just been my lot to endure without having his heart torn with pity and his mind attuned to the awful horrors of Armageddon. "Never again!" is the cry in my heart to-day—we must finish this business. It is in no mood of sickly sentiment that I write, but with a calm and deep sense of individual responsibility. In the early days of the war I stood on a hundred platforms, calling men to the Colours and pointing out to the glorious youth of England the path of duty. Since then I have seen something of the splendid boys in the trenches, I have kept watch and ward with the heroes of the Fleet. I have been called "the representative of the Man in the Street." I am proud of that title. But I think I am something more—I am the unofficial Prime Minister—the popular mouthpiece of the nation. And when I reflect on what my eyes have but lately seen, I come to understand more clearly than ever that this is not a war of kings and princes, and statesmen and potentates, but a war of races. We are at grips with a people that has lost the Human sense, that has sunk all ideals in worship of the hateful God of War that believes in the slaughter of children and the rape of women. It has taken us a long while to open our eyes. We are a quiet, a trustful and complacent people. We believe the best, not the worst, of others; and in our charity we condone much. But now those who were blind, see; those who were deaf, hear. We see and hear the horrors and the frightfulness; and the crash of the death-dealing bomb only steels us—makes us firmer in our resolve to see this ghastly thing through. Let there be no mistake. Although the fire and flame and fury are still beating in hisses of destruction upon our ears, the end is not far off if, as a nation, we acquit ourselves worthily. The mask has been torn from the face of the foe, and we know what we have to destroy. It is the Devil incarnate in Teuton form.

My Vow to the Dead.

For myself, I assert that this grim experience of the fire and flame and fury of the recent raid has stiffened my resolve into a solemn and sacred covenant before God to bend every energy of which I am capable, and to make every sacrifice within my power, to the one purpose in life of exterminating the German race. Yes, I mean that—and nothing less than that. Every dead, dumb mouth of those charred victims of the raid called aloud, in spirit, to me to register that vow. And I will not be false to the dead. The same appeal came to me from the glassy eyes of the dying boys in hospital out in France. And now it has been repeated and emphasised. May I have strength to guide my countrymen aright! Let there be no more talk about "no quarrel with the German people." The German people are the German army and the Kaiser is their god. You cannot argue with them. There is but one way to make them understand—they must have big and frequent doses of their own medicine. America must provide us a fleet of at least a thousand aeroplanes for the sole purpose of bombing German towns, destroying their buildings—spreading death, destruction and desolation throughout the land. Neither man, woman nor child must be spared. I know that is the gospel of ferocity—of barbarism and savagery, if you will. But so is war. And we are at war. Wherefore let our politicians cease their mouthings. Hitherto war has been a matter of blood only—now fire and flame are added; and that means the beginning of the end. As far back as the history of mankind goes, the God of Fire has been worshipped as the great Purifier, and also the great Destroyer. There has been a universal belief in its power over evil spirits—hence the lighting of fires upon tombs, the ordeals by fire (which, it was thought, would never harm the innocent) and the countless webs of fable in primitive mythology—all leading up to the belief that the Earth itself will ultimately be consumed in flame. Who knows but that in some such sense the world is to-day in the furnace of destruction—and regeneration? It *may* be that, in the Mystery of Things, even the Anglo-Saxon race has almost run its course. I don't believe it. I hate cant—especially in the form of religion; but, on my soul, I believe that whatever God there be He has chosen that race as His instrument to rid the world of the Teuton fungi which have grown upon and defiled the fair face of His earth. Time will soon prove whether I am right. But, right or wrong, I have now seen the war at home—and until the haunting picture of those murdered old men and women and little children, and of that splendid Priest of God, is erased from my brain, "To Hell with Germany and all that is German!" shall be my daily prayer.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

LORD LANSDOWNE.

Good mornin', me Lord. You 'ere again? I 'ardly expected to see you, arfter the little plain tork I 'ad with you larst time. But I s'pose you think the presentation of that there address the other day by them there authors an' cetra 'as put you right with the public? Don't you make no mistake. That there address 'asn't improved your position a ha'poth. It's made it worse, if anythink. It amounts to this: these 'ere authors an' cetra thank you for your services to the country by that there letter o' yours to the *Daily Telegraph*. So fur as I remember, your famous letter 'adn't 'ardly bin published w'en you 'ad to explain that you didn't mean exactly wot you sed. Even your own son, Lord Kildare, 'ad to write to the papers to say 'e wasn't followin' in fawther's footsteps, followin' the dear ole dad. In other words, your opinions on the wore was repudiated by your own flesh an' blood. Now, along comes this 'ere address of appreciation on the part of some authors an' cetra. Now, wot I wanter know is, wot do they mean to show their appreciation of—your original letter, or the sorter explanation or disclaimer wot followed it? . . . *You don't know wot I'm drivin' at.* Well, we'll let that pawss. Now let's look at these author blokes an' cetra wot come to your 'ouse bustin' with fulsome flattery and a congratulatory address in their 'ands. 'Oo were they—anybody 'oo's praise is worth two penn'orth o' gin cold? 'Ardly. There was Lord Buckmaster. Well, Heaven made 'im—let 'im pawss fur a man. He's lucky to get five thousand a year pension for eighteen months' work. There was Noel Buxton—a slimy pacifist. There was the Gloomy Dean—praise from 'im would make me wonder wot I'd bin an' done wrong. There was the President o' the Baptist Union. Famous list of authors up to now, ain't it? There was D. M. Mason, M.P. for Coventry, wot the electorate of Coventry is only waitin' to give the boot to at the next election, 'oo 'as bin arsked to resign, an' won't, becos 'e knows 'is number would be up if 'e did. There was George Lansbury—another good man gorn wrong. Any'ow, writin' pacifist tosh in the *'Erald* don't make 'im an author, do it? There was Massingham, 'oo's writin's in the *Nation* give the 'Uns un'oly joy. There was Austin 'Arrison, wot oughter know better then to be seen in sich company. An' there was Jerome K. Jerome, 'oo, I s'pose, can be reckoned a genuine author, becos 'e wrote "Three Men in a Boat; not to speak of the Dawg," and "The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Feller." There was a few more nobodies wot don't 'ardly matter, an' the 'ole lot of 'em club together to present you with a bee-utiful address. Well, I 'ope you accepted it at its true value. But if you reckon thet little mob wot waited on you at Lansdowne 'Ouse represented the British public you're labourin' under a delusion. They 'aven't done you no good. Everybody knows you're a perlitical back number and won't count w'en the boys come 'ome. They would 'ave done you a greater kindness to let you keep quiet and outer sight. But there you are—they've shoved you into the limelight again an' drawn a little attention to themselves. 'Wot a game! Meantime, the blokes wot reelly matter are gittin' on with the wore. Shave? . . . Right-o!

PRINTER'S PIE.

"Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of each item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie."

NOTICE ISSUED BY PUTNEY ALLOTMENTS' ASSOCIATION:—

"Owing to the presence of WAR DISEASE, all Allotment Holders . . . must obtain a licence to plant Potatoes."

"WISBECH STANDARD" (advertisement of recipe):—

"MARGARINE—to make same TAKE ONE BUTTER, BREAD, VINEGAR, CONDENSED MILK, FUEL, MATCHES, SUGAR."

"MORNING POST":—

"The sugar cards gave not only the sex, but the actual day and hour of each person's birth."

"MANCHESTER GUARDIAN" (advertisement):—

"LADY, excellent cook and manager, wishes for post as Cook Housekeeper; TO GENTLEMAN PREFERRED; OWN SITTING-ROOM OR BEDROOM."

"WIGAN ADVERTISER":—

"The Bench decided that in future the court would sit at 1 A.M., instead of 11 A.M."

"ENQUIRE WITHIN UPON EVERYTHING":—

"Calves' Feet Jelly.—It is better to buy THE FEET OF THE BUTCHER."

"GLASGOW EVENING TIMES":—

"The only Italian STEAMER lost in the week ending January 19 was a small SAILING VESSEL."

"THE LADY" (advertisement):—

"Charming seven-roomed cottage to let . . . NEAR AIR RAIDS."

"LANCASTER OBSERVER":—

"He SMELT and LOOKED at the glass that Birtles had used and found it TASTED of whiskey."

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund."

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

A Crippled Widow.

A poor woman unfortunately lost her husband at the beginning of hostilities, whilst her son subsequently became a prisoner of war. Two little ones are looking to her for their daily necessities, which she found it quite impossible to provide. We, however, enabled her to get the modest supplies procurable by the possessor of the necessary cash.

Sudden Tragedy

Another distressed widow besought our aid. Her husband, after having served the Empire, was unfortunately run down by a taxi and killed, leaving five children to the care of the stricken mother. In the circumstances, she is not entitled to a pension.

For the Sake of the Child.

The "unofficial wife" of one of our serving men appealed to our sympathy, which we did not withhold. She is bravely trying to keep her little one from want and scorn, and needed slight financial help. It is not for us to moralise in such cases, but to distribute the goodwill offerings of our readers.

The Children Again.

Ever increasing is the call for help for the children. A family of eight was in need, one being down with measles, the rest wanting clothes. Recently the mother lost a baby, and asked for money to keep the others in health. As usual, we did our best for the wife of a soldier.

Winter's Demands.

A war widow, with seven children under the age of thirteen, found herself in a tight corner. One of the little ones is in a delicate state of health, and warm clothing was needed, which the mother was unable to provide out of her small income. She is a hard-working woman, anxious to fulfil her maternal duties, but she required a little help.

A Painful Case.

Discharged from the Army with shell shock, a poor fellow was laid up for weeks, and on leaving hospital tried to work. For some time he got along all right, but ultimately was attacked with pneumonia, which proved fatal. His wife and six children were unprovided for, as his temporary pension had expired.

From France to a Death-bed.

A dying daughter desired to see her father. He had leave for the purpose, with travelling warrant, but was penniless. The proof he exhibited entitled him to our sympathy and help, of which we freely gave.

Further Trouble.

Seaman home from Orkney to bury his child, uninsured.

Distressed mother, very ill in bed; five children; been pledging everything to keep things going.

A Tommy on leave found his wife near death. No money for needful nourishment.

Means of livelihood affected through war. Unable to pay rent.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Guise Dept., Y.M.C., Croydon (per E. B. T.), 10s. 6d.; W. J. D., 1s.; "Daughter," 2s. 6d.; Royal Marines and Daymens, Ulm (per E. M.), £3 3s.; A. H., 1s.; A. A. B., 1s.; "An Ally," 1s.6d.; C. T. B., 5s.; L. R. B., 1s.; Ship's Coy., H.M.S. Tranquisher, 25s.; W. H. H., 5s.; "Will and Alice," 5s.; M. D., 5s.; D. H. (Halton), 2s. 6d.; Anon., 2s.; C. C., 3s.; A. J. S., 1s.; "A Wounded Soldier's Mother," 5d.; A. C. (Dundee), 1s.; R. M. L. (Bristol), 5s.; Mrs. T., 2s. 6d.; "Ivy, Mary," 3s.; J. T. M. (Leicester), 5s.; "Little Johnnie," 2s.; L. W. F. (Derby), 5s.; S. P. (Leominster), 5s.; H. M. (Bramhall), £1 1s.; R. W. (Coventry), 1s.; D. A., 2s. 6d.; L. F. B., 2d.; W. B. (Ayr), 2s. 6d.; B. C. R., 2s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver 5372," 1s.; E. F., 6d.; C. M., 4s.; W. D. G. B., 1s.; "H. R. Mitre," £1; F. E. C., 2s. 6d.; B. H., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. L., 6d.; "One of the Old Quarante Sept," 2s.; "Edinburgh," 5s.; W. F. (Runcorn), 6d.; "Old Jack," 1s.; "The Idiot," 5s.; "Shidmoka," 10s.; Weekly Collection, C.P.S., Woolwich Arsenal, 15s.; "Kate," 2s. 6d.; J. H. B., 1s.; M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; "Wee Pollemey" (Wick), 2s.; Anon., 5s.; W. and A. L., 5s.; Sutton-on-Sea Dance Committee (per F. M.), 15s.; H. R. (Derby), 1s.; G. D. (Portsea), 4s.; G. H. H., 5s.; F. W. (Gosport), 1s.; "Boys in Blue," £1; L. W. (Edinburgh), 1s. 6d.; L. L., 6d.; M. C., 6d.; J. M. C. (Carnforth), 5s.; "For a little Boy who has Lost his Daddy," 5s.; R. A. C. (E. Ham), 5s.; Guise Dept., Y.M.C., Croydon (per E. B. T.), 10s. 6d.; Staff, Britannia Assurance Co., Finsbury Park, 10s. 6d.; W. R. (Wheathampstead), 10s.; "A Soldier's Daughter," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. C. M. R. (Vancouver), 5s.; E. S. R., 1 dollar; "Punch," 5s.; "Anxious," 1s.; "Hollins Cross," 10s.; K. M. (Scarborough), 1s.; "Canadian P.O." 5 dollars; A. H. (Uppingham), 2s.; H. B. S. (Holloway), 3s.; "E. E. E. and Wife," 5s.; Anon., 5s.; "Blind Charlie" (Dorchester), 1s.; J. M. P., 1s. 2d.; W. E. T. (Bristol), 5s.; Tiyhold Municipality, £25; W. P. (Bedford), 5s.; G. H., 2s.; E. M. A. (Worthing), 2s.; M. A. T., 1s.; "Tiny," 2s. 6d.; F. W. M., 5s.; "A Soldier's Wife and Children," 2s. 6d.; R. A. S., 2s.; Mrs. C., 1s.; "An Old Contemptible," 1s.

Collecting Boxes.

LONDON.—Mr. W. Ley, "Builders' Arms," Moreton Street, Pimlico, £1 3s. 9d.; Mr. H. A. Gilton, "Rose of Denmark," 323, Roman Road, Old Ford, £1 2s. 1d.; Mr. W. T. Pegeon, "The Phoenix," East India Dock Road, £1 1s. 9d.; Mr. W. R. Potts, 193, Denbrook Road, Shortlands, £1 3s. 5d.; Gunner T. Armitage, 98 Mess, H.M.S. *Royal Oak*, Grand Fleet, c/o G.P.O., £1 6s.

INVERNESSSHIRE.—Mr. W. T. Clemens, Admiralty Hutments, K. Block, Section 4, £2 11s. 6d.

SALTBURN.—S/Sgt. A. G. Farmer, A.F.O. Fisherton Schools, £1 7s.

The "JOHN BULL" PEN—Important Announcement.

In spite of difficulties created by the recent fire, arrangements are complete for giving prompt delivery of all "JOHN BULL" Pens now applied for.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 5s. 6d. and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be shared and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 10 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 6d. only and 6d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(February 9th, 1918.)

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "*No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing shall go unchallenged and unremedied.*"—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, 19th *August*, 1916.

Park Royal—Indeed!

We have received a deputation of soldiers from Park Royal, who complain that the money received in rebates, instead of being applied for their own benefit, is spent on rose trees for the beautification of the camp. They also grouse at having to dig holes in which the rose trees are planted. Whoever are responsible for the state of affairs should be shunted into civil life, if indeed they are not sent to the Front. We understand they are old-time uniformed Cuthberts.

Our Sincere Thanks.

We are grateful to the Officer asses who are leading the soldier-men lions—the phrase is Napoleon's—and warn them not to write to JOHN BULL under severe penalty. As a matter of fact, the more notices of the kind issued, the greater the number of our letters from the Forces. If some of our so-called new "Officers," instead of cudgelling their brains in an unavailing effort to thwart JOHN BULL, read up King's Regulations and Military Law, there would be an improvement all round. One Colonel who felt nettled over an exposure has offered a reward of £10 for the discovery of the complainant!

Our Precious Doctors.

A man was discharged from the Army on two occasions, owing to internal trouble and fits. He was called up again and marked A1—the highest form of Military Service. He was then sent before a Medical Board, who classed him C2. He had a cushy time for a while, after which he was called up again and passed for overseas service. Thus do some of those placed in a little authority buffet our men about.

The Road to Disaster.

A member of the R.A.M.C., stationed at Blackpool, came back from leave in Ireland. The Dublin boat was late in starting, and he arrived two hours behind time at Blackpool. Result—one day C.B., and one day's pay forfeited. We speak by the book when we say that our men are treated as badly as if they were Prussians, if not more so: but the Army Council will not gather wisdom from the portents. Somebody is sitting on the safety valve.

The Camp at Ripon.

We have written on several occasions concerning the Camp at Ripon. Nothing is being done to remedy the most damnable grievances. We are sending the matter to the War Council, and we hope that somebody will then be placed on the grill.

The Acme of Meanness.

The story of Townshend and his men is almost forgotten now, so swiftly do we move. The splendid Officers who tried to do the impossible and are now Prisoners of War have had their pay cut down tremendously, and the families of several have been plunged into distress. Thus does this rich nation reward what it is pleased to call its heroes.

The Sergeants' Mess.

A cook says that if we saw the daily menu supplied to civilians in the Sergeants' Mess at Bovington Camp, Wareham, we should not think anybody was short of food. Then he draws us a picture of liver and bacon, etc., for breakfast; beef and mutton for dinner; steak and chips for tea; and meat again for supper. All this seven days a week!

A Word to Wrong 'Uns.

We pay careful attention to every letter of complaint from Tommy, and take prompt steps to have all grievances remedied. In the bulk, the men who write to us are honourable soldiers; but we regret to note the increasing number of letters sent to us by khaki "wrong 'uns" who forge their chums' signatures. We intend in future to send every such letter to the proper quarter, in the hope that the mean-spirited offenders will be discovered and suitably dealt with by the authorities.

A Scream from the Silent Service.

The other day a signal was made by an Admiral on the South Coast: "I notice the men are wearing their hair too long. A fringe may be becoming to a barmaid, but it is out of place on the forehead of a seaman." Shades of Nelson!

Honours for the Wrong Men

In the Dorns Reef battle a ship was engaged on which the enemy put a gun turret out of action. A leading stoker groped his way around in the dark, found the obstruction, removed it, and the turret was in action again. Four War Crosses were sent to the ship by the French. They were given to men who had done practically nothing, and the heroic stoker was left without even a ribbon. Thus does kissing go by favour.

Turkeys that Did Not Trot.

There is a naval base in Italy where some of our Jacks have been doing patrol work for over two years; without leave, of course. Good ladies in Rome collected funds to provide these sailors with Christmas turkeys, and the Y.M.C.A. at the base volunteered to co-operate with the Naval authorities in buying and distributing the birds. But the seasonable Christmas dinner so ardently anticipated did not come off. Instead, the sailors were handed one shilling each. Needless to say, the ladies at Rome are vexed about this curious misapplication of their kindly gift, and the men are annoyed.

PELMANISM: "The Little GREY BOOKS."

No books have achieved greater popularity during the war than "the little grey books," as they are affectionately called.

Soldiers pore over them in the trenches; sailors con them in their brief intervals of leisure in the Grand Fleet; business men and women consult them at every possible opportunity; lawyers, doctors, and students declare them to be an ever-ready source of help, stimulation, and encouragement.

In fact, everybody is studying these wonderful "little grey books," in which the principles of Pelmanism are so interestingly explained: "Pelmanism"—that extraordinary new force in modern life—the "cardinal factor of success," to quote TRUTH'S telling phrase.

If you do not know "the little grey books," if you are not a Pelmanist, you should hasten to make up for lost time. "Nobody who has not studied these books," says an ardent Pelmanist, "can conceive the immeasurable benefits resulting from them."

"A single one of them would be cheap to me at a hundred pounds," declares a solicitor. "As a direct consequence of them I gained a step in promotion," writes a Lieut.-Colonel.

Many clerks, shop assistants, and salesmen tell how they doubled and trebled their incomes as the result of a few weeks' study of the Pelman Course. Tradesmen tell of "record turnover" and 100 per cent. and 200 per cent. increase in profits. The latest batch of reports from Pelman students (including men and women of all occupations in life) show that less than one per cent.—not one in a hundred!—failed to gain substantial advantages from the Pelman Course.

And all at the price of a half-hour or so a day for a few weeks! It sounds too good to be true; but there are thousands of letters to prove that it is absolutely true. There is not a class, not a business or trade or profession in these islands in which Pelmanism has not proved itself a wonderful help to success. That is to say a means of increasing efficiency and developing "braininess" to such a degree that promotion and a bigger salary follow as surely as night follows day.

Women are particularly keen on Pelmanism; it has proved such an enormous help to them in "getting on" in business. Many of them describe it as "the best investment I ever made."

Moreover, they find it a truly fascinating study. "I am genuinely sorry the course has finished. I have found it so absorbingly interesting as well as profitable." These are the exact words used by students of the Pelman Course.

TRUTH has lately made another report upon the progress of Pelmanism amongst various classes, and confesses it would be impossible to name a business, profession, or vocation in which there were not hundreds of Pelman students.

Army and Navy officers are very "keen on Pelman"; forty-eight Generals, ten Admirals, and over 6,000 other officers are studying the course, as well as thousands of rank and file. A large number of readers of JOHN BULL and other leading journals have taken it, and have already profited by it in income and position.

An opportunity now occurs for those readers who have not yet made the acquaintance of "the little grey books" to rectify that omission.

By writing to-day to the Pelman Institute, 15, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1, you will receive, gratis and post free, a copy of "Mind and Memory," in which the Pelman Course is fully described and explained. The Course is taught by post, and can be studied anywhere and at any time—at home, in the office, at lunch, in the train. There is nothing "technical," difficult, or tiresome about it. You will find the study a source of real pleasure, as well as of immense and life-long benefit. Remember, "Mind and Memory" will cost you nothing, and with it you will receive also a free copy of TRUTH'S famous Report, which has been described as "an amazing document," full of the most absorbingly interesting facts about Pelmanism, and containing many letters from people who have benefited by it. Both books are free of cost. Write to the above address to-day.

ADVT.

Losing Nervous Energy.

Everybody has some store of nervous energy. When work or worry without sufficient rest exhausts this store, a condition results that medical men call neurasthenia.

It is commonly met with in those who have had keen anxieties, also those who have cared for sick relatives, and business men who worry over their affairs and neglect to take proper rest. Women who work beyond their strength, anyone who has too much excitement and too little rest may show the symptoms.

The signs are clear. Your complexion becomes pale, you imagine unpleasant things, your brain insists on working when you want to go to sleep. Sometimes you are melancholy. Things that used to please you no longer do so. Constipation is usually present. You worry about yourself and your work and cannot forget your anxieties.

No doctor can cure neurasthenia; you have to do it yourself. First, worry less and don't overtax your strength; then, begin Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people for they supply new blood to feed your worn-out nerves and so steadily build up your health. Never accept any substitute at shops.

FREE.—Write a post card to the Post Dept., 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1, asking for a most useful booklet on the home treatment of nervous disorders.

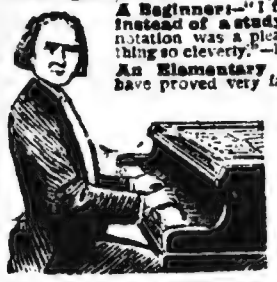
I will teach You to Play the Piano

Brilliantly, without Drudgery, Fatigue or Failure.

You shall get in a few months, from a few easy Correspondence Lessons, taken in your own home, a grip and mastery of the keyboard and ease in reading music that years of ordinary teaching and practice can never give you. **Thousands have done so for sixteen years.** Modern progress-compelling methods applied to **ordinary music.** Send to-day for my illuminating little illustrated book:—

"MIND, MUSCLE AND KEYBOARD."

It explains my method, and shows what many hundreds of all ages and stages say it has done for their playing, so that you may **judge for yourself what it can do for you. Adult Beginners** *need not know a note to start.*



A Beginner:—"I find practising a delight instead of a study, and even mastering the notation was a pleasure, you explain everything so cleverly."—E. P.C. (Bedford).

An Elementary Player:—"My lessons have proved very fascinating, besides being extremely instructive. My fingers are much more flexible, especially the ring fingers."—Mrs. E. S. (Paddock, Huddersfield).

Give merely on a postcard your full address (Mrs., Miss, or Mr.), with the word **Moderate, Elementary,** or **Beginner,** as may best describe your case and the book shall be gladly sent you free by return.

Mr. H. BECKER, 81, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

ECONOMISING OF LINEN

"The Stains Disappeared as by Magic."

"Dear Sirs,

After seeing your Movol advertised, I have tried it to-day, and am really amazed at the results. I had sent to me a nurse's apron, almost new, but discarded on account of a big ironmould mark. I got a 6d. tube for trial and followed the directions, and the stain disappeared as if by magic. It is far simpler and safer to use than any I have known before.

Yours faithfully,
G. A. L."

Ironmould, Rust, Fruit, Medicine Stains, etc. removed quickly

MOVOL

W. EDGE & SONS, Ltd., Bolton

This salvage of linen can be attempted equally successfully by every one of our readers. There is no risk of injuring the finest fabric. Sold in 1s. and 6d. tubes by Ironmongers, Chemists, and Stores everywhere.

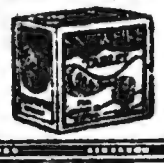
P.S.—Movol quickly removes disinfectant stains from hospital linen.

Send him some.

When you have read Private F. BROWN'S letter from France, surely you'll send Snowfire to your friends abroad: "I applied Snowfire to my feet before going into the trenches. It was a bitterly cold night, and I was up to my knees in mud and water, but when I came out for a rest my feet were quite dry and warm. Please send more."

Snowfire

For Frostbite, Cold Feet, Rough and Irritated Skin.



Sold by all Chemists.

In 3d. tablets — family size, 7½d.

AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.

GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT Draws out the Inflammation, Itching, and Pain with Extraordinary Effectiveness.

IN the above headlines, we make the assertion that **Grasshopper Ointment** is a positive cure for chilblains. In this we state only the truth, for **Grasshopper** is a cure for chilblains, whether broken or otherwise, of unsurpassed value. Thanks to its extraordinary absorptive, sucking powers, **Grasshopper** draws out the pain and inflammation which accompany chilblains with an effectiveness and promptitude which no other preparation can approach. Two or three applications are generally sufficient to cure the worst cases of chilblains. Just try one box of **Grasshopper.** You will not have to try a second, as the first will be enough to effect a cure.

Grasshopper Ointment is equally valuable in treating many other cold weather troubles. Inflamed and swollen feet, rheumatism, bronchitis, and swollen throat. Well rubbed into the affected parts, it draws out the pain and inflammation with a promptitude which surprises and gratifies the sufferer.

Grasshopper Ointment is absolutely harmless. You are urged to refuse all substitutes and imitations.

Grasshopper Ointment may be had of Boots', Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, Civil Service Stores, Army and Navy Stores, Lewis & Burrows', Heppell's, Harrod's, Parke's, Selfridge's, and other Stores and Chemists, at 1/3 and 2/- a box, or direct, post free, from J. B. Albert, 73, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publisher, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

TO OUR READERS.—We desire to thank the very large number of readers who have written expressing sympathy in connection with the recent serious fire at the works of our Printers and Publishers. We are, however, gradually getting over the trouble.

"DIE HARD" (Cramond).—So you think there is a fear of the Government nobbling us, do you? We are far more likely to nobble the Government—if once we have anything to do with it.

"ARGER."—Our recollection is that the word "jingo"—which, as already stated, was written for the first time by us at the dictation of the late George Jacob Holyoake—was contained in a letter addressed to the Press at the time of the war between Russia and Turkey forty years ago.

C. S. M. BOWERS (B.E.F.).—So you were one of the boys who were enjoying the steak and chips to which we have referred. Good luck to you!

PTE. J. E. (N. Wales).—Thanks for sending us the kindly words about ourselves from the "good Jesuit Fathers." We are pleased to think we have many excellent friends in the Catholic Church.

MRS. M. F. (Dundee).—Personally, we have no fear that the women's franchise will be used "to the detriment of men." Don't forget that the best of the women voters will be wives.

"A CHRISTIAN."—If, as you hold, God will not grant us peace until we have a Christian Parliament, the sooner we have a General Election the better. But where a sufficient number of candidates with the necessary qualifications are to come from, goodness only knows.

R. G. M. (Southport).—If, when offering your services to the Government, you had stated that you were a "Gas Specialist," they would have jumped at you with enthusiasm.

M. B. (Kingston).—Although you are a "customer" of ours, we can't serve you with provisions. We are on the hunt ourselves.

"A REAL BRITISHER."—It was a funny Honours List—but an honour for an Austrian, naturalised since war, is rather a record.

J. W. H. (In Hospital, Bangor).—"Fancy stamping soldiers' letters 'Buy National War Bonds'! How can we?" Not being "on munitions," how *can* you?

"CORYDON" (Mirfield).—"You might have given us a hint over your splendid Double!" See *Macbeth*:—"Double, double, toil and trouble."

J. H. T. (Whittlesea).—"If there had been no Bottomley or Northcliffe, the public would have known nothing." And a nice kettle of fish that would have been!

"OVERFED TOMMY" (Kirkcaldy).—"On margarine and war bread we must keep our tummy full, And for our week-end dinner Take a walk and read——." Yes, but we *are* food for the mind, mind you.

J. S. (Lyndhurst Road).—Always glad to hear from old friends. Our best to the missus.

A. B. (Stock Exchange).—"Once you are appointed to the Government your mouth is closed and your journal of no further service." That settles it.

J. A. M. (Liverpool).—"In the ante-bellum days I was not one of your admirers; now——" Thanks, we are all apt to improve.

"WAR WIFE" (Birmingham). Like many another reader, intends to call her new baby Horatio. Train a child up in the name he should go—

R. Q. (Monmouth).—"There will be red murder the length and breadth of the land after peace." Rubbish.

O. H. (Holme-on-Spalding-Moor).—We would risk disaster rather than have German-made buttons on our trousers. You, of course, returned the hateful articles.

W. S. S. (Liverpool).—We had read your screed nearly to the end before we discovered that you were trying to be rude. As an impolite letter-writer, you are certainly no class.

J. M. C. (Saltley).—"Is it possible to get 100 per cent. profit?" Dear man, some of the profiteers find it impossible to get less than 200 or 300.

M. K. (Kentish Town).—Right, madam; your husband, one of the oldsters in Labour Battalions is getting plenty of work and no praise. They are grand volunteers.

A. C. A. (Middlesbrough).—A capital idea yours "to catch and shoot the heads of the German spy system." As a first step, of course, you would put salt on their coat-tails.

H. T. (Folkingham).—If your complaint were boiled down a little, we might manage to look at it—and see the paper you'd save!

J. W. K. (Mid Calder).—We do not consider it patriotic to address impertinent inquiries to men in civilian dress. Such thoughtlessness results in many cruel blunders.

"GERMAN-HATER."—"To defend London, our aeroplanes should do away with the darkness. Provide each man with a small portable searchlight." A pocket flashlight strikes us as an equally bright idea.

"SOLDIER" (B.E.F.) doesn't like the idea of fighting for "a bob a day" while the food profiteers are making "quids a week." His sentiments do not startle us.

"FATHER" sends us the following extract from a letter from his son in Saloniça: "People like Bottomley do not come over here to cheer us. We're forgotten, and nobody loves us." However, it's a case of "though far away, to mem'ry dear."

A. C. H. (Aldershot).—We are afraid you are too optimistic if you think the person who abstracted your brown leather bag from under your bed in hospital will return it at our request. Dirty dogs who sneak from hospital patients when they are asleep do not read JOHN BULL.

F. P. (Anerley).—There is no question that Tommy is all for the continuance of racing and other British sports. You have doubtless noticed that one of the first things the officers do when they have captured a place of any importance is to promote a race.

MRS. A. W. (Ratcliffe) and HUNDREDS MORE.—"I can get no margarine." We did get some one day, and spread it on bread. Then we had to cover it with bloater paste, to kill it.

"ACH, ACH, ACH" (France).—It must indeed amuse you boys at the front when you read of Lords Lansdowne and Haldane making speeches in the House of Lords with all the self-assurance in the world, as though they still possessed the confidence of the country. It tickles us, too.

C. F. (Islington).—Hundreds of hefty men of military age engaged in selling women's underclothing in Islington? In view of the war, they must be almost as wanting in decency as the women who buy.

T. R. R. (Rangoon).—We shall cash your cheque for 1,000 Good Wishes with the utmost pleasure. Awaiting a further remittance.

"TWO BRIGNS" (France).—"After three years' active service, we would guarantee to plough, sow and harvest 500 acres of wheat in England, for a change." It's a fair offer; what says MR. Prothero?

A. H. (Chumleigh).—"To charge 9d. for 7d. novels and 1s. 6d. for 1s. novels, all printed and stocked before war, is mere robbery. New books cost more, but old ones didn't.

A. W. (Tooting Broadway).—Your vision of ginger-wine must have been rather a tame affair, in our own dreams we accept nothing less than a pre-war Scotch and soda.

L. P. (Wimbledon).—You are one of thousands of brave-hearted women struggling to do justice to their children in these hard times.

E. H. (Inv. Tce.).—"Am sending copy of latest patriotic song, honouring the brave young A.S.C. First verse goes:—Oh, send my mother, Oh, send my brother, Oh, send my sister, But don't send me." No song was enclosed, and the lines quoted are not very new.

"PERSEVERE" (Leith).—If a Bailie is made an officer of the British Empire Order for staying at home, it is like the position in whist when "Honours are easy."

"SOME GAME" (Rexford Hill).—To charge a hospital soldier 8d. for a hair-cut was shearing him twice. The boys should dodge the Walwick Figaro by cutting their own hair. It's easy, with a basin on the head!

J. S. B. (Cannock, Staffs.).—Distillers, brewers, publicans, pumpuritans, and the Government are putting up the war between them. They are having the time of their lives.

MRS. D. (Manchester) says she sees by our paper that we like fairness all round. And all square, too.

C. H. W. (Hillyard, Wash., U.S.A.).—We are sorry to hear that what you are pleased to call our fame has at last reached Spokane. It makes us feel that we have nothing more to live for now.

J. E. J. (Blundellsands).—How Lord Rhondda's ears must burn!

"ONE OF THE WATER RATS" (Derby).—Surprised to hear that Derby is either too poor or too mean to provide its Special Constables with suitable equipment. Get your own back by running in members of the Watch Committee whenever you have the chance.

J. J.—We had already pointed out the coincidence that the Kaiser was fifty-five years and six months old when the war broke out—making exactly 666 months, or, in other words, the figure given in Revelation as the number of the Beast.

"A LOOKER ON" (Durham).—"Cannot Sir A. Yapp insist that all ladies' dogs be destroyed?" Tell us, in one word, what the dogs would do in reply.

J. N. (London).—We quite agree with Captain Carter, who recently told a Willesden father who had had four sons killed and one disabled by gas poisoning that if ever sacrifice had been made it had been by him. Would that all Military Representatives were as fair-minded!

R. H. G. (Hull).—When one comes to consider, the strange and sudden disappearance of Brer Rabbit is quite in keeping with his character. You suggest that Special Constables should be employed to catch him. Far better to arrest the farmers who abet the traitorous concealment.

R. H.—In your pamphlet, "Heat, Light and Work," you apparently try to prove that the earth receives no heat from the sun. Devote your great mental powers to some more important problem, such as how many angels can dance on the point of a needle.

"W.A.A.C." (Dover).—We have already declared you are entitled to the privilege of reduced railway fares. Being allowed "C.B.," you should also be allowed concessions!

"ONE OF THE DIEHARDS" ("In Camp").—"At the Soldiers' Institute we have an Object behind the counter with N.C.C. on shoulder. I wish you would alter things to save further trouble." Sorry we cannot alter the thing, but don't get into trouble over him. Worms aren't worth it.

H. R. F. (Norwich).—We are all in favour of beer cards, so long as the beer be beer, and not swipes.

"JUSTICE" (Cardiff).—"My father is 68, master mariner for 40 years, torpedoed twice, has run the blockade right through the war, and still at it." A dad to be proud of—though he hasn't had a medal.

"SOLDIER'S WIDOW" (Rochester).—Deeply sorry a postcard addressed to your dead husband has been sent by that piano-seeking nuisance, Dewey, of Roydon. The man is an impertinent tout.

R. S. AND SONS (Wolverhampton) and OTHERS.—We have had great pleasure in forwarding to the Mons hero, whose hard case we recently referred to, your offers of employment, and hope that by the time this paragraph appears he will have found suitable work.

A. D. (Westminster).—The local baths refused to issue a ticket after 5.30, so you were deprived of your "annual." The rule may account for some of the dirty people Westminster way.

E. B. (Bow).—We have every sympathy with you, but we can hardly rush into print with your complaints. How are you off for sugar?

LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN BANK.—Will the correspondent who recently wrote us signing himself "An Old Shareholder" favour us with his name and address?

B. K. B. (Krugersdorp) and MANY OTHER SOUTH AFRICAN READERS.—If it is true that at a Government school in the Western Transvaal children have been fined and caned for speaking English, steps should at once be taken to relieve those responsible of their position in the public service of a British Dominion.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

THE LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1836.

Subscribed Capital, £24,606,432 Paid-up Capital £5,168,840 Reserve Fund, £4,342,826

DIRECTORS:

SIR EDWARD H. HOLDEN, Bart., Chairman and Managing Director.
WILLIAM GRAHAM BRADSHAW, Esq., London, Deputy-Chairman.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD AIREDALE, Leeds
SIR PERCY ELLY BATES, Bart., Liverpool.
ROBERT CLOVER BEAZLEY, Esq., Liverpool.
THE RIGHT HON. LORD CARNOCK, G.C.B., London.
DAVID DAVIES, Esq., M.P., Llandinam.
FRANK DUDLEY DOUKER, Esq., C.B., Birmingham.
FREDERICK HYNDE FOX, Esq., Liverpool.
H. SIMPSON GEE, Esq., Leicester.
JOHN GLASBROOK, Esq., Swansea.
ARTHUR T. KEEN, Esq., Birmingham.
THE RIGHT HON. REGINALD McKENNA, M.P., London.
FREDERICK WILLIAM NASH, Esq., Birmingham.
THE RIGHT HON. LORD PIRRIE, K.P., London.
SIR THOMAS ROYDEN, Bart, Liverpool.
THE RIGHT HON. SIR GUY FLEETWOOD WILSON, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.I.E., London.
WILLIAM FITZTHOMAS WYLEY, Esq., Coventry.

HEAD OFFICE: 5, THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON, E.C. 2.

Joint General Managers: J. M. MADDERS, S. D. MURRAY, F. HYDE, E. W. WOOLLEY.

LIABILITIES AND ASSETS, 31st December, 1917.

Dr.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	Cr.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Capital paid up, viz.:—			By Cash in hand (including Gold Coin £7,000,000) and Cash at Bank of England		44,770,363 13 10
£2 10s. per Share on 2,875,536 Shares of £12 each	5,168,840 0 0		„ Money at Call and at Short Notice		31,063,500 0 2
„ Reserve Fund	4,342,826 0 0		„ Investments:—		
„ Dividend payable on 1st February, 1918	350,246 14 0		War Loans, at cost (of which £468,918 10s. is lodged for Public and other Accounts) and other British Government Securities		49,118,234 13 6
„ Balance of Profit and Loss Account, as below	733,785 5 8		Stocks Guaranteed by the British Government, India Stocks, and Indian Railway Debentures		181,739 10 0
	10,615,697 19 8		British Railway Debentures and Preference Stocks, British Corporation Stocks		1,774,073 4 3
„ Current, Deposit, and other Accounts	220,531,768 9 5		Colonial and Foreign Government Stocks and Bonds		609,352 19 6
Acceptances on account of Customers	8,826,865 17 6		Sundry Investments		621,463 5 10
			„ Bills of Exchange		55,352,291 17 10
					140,124,779 12 4
			„ Advances on Current and other Accounts		68,310,358 1 0
			„ Advances on War Loans		19,815,539 9 0
			„ Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances		8,826,865 17 6
			„ Bank Premises, at Head Office and Branches		2,837,219 8 9
			„ Belfast Bank Shares:— 49,688 £12 10s. Old Shares £2 16s. paid; 148,264 £12 10s. New Shares £2 16s. paid; cost, £1,225,908; less part premium on Shares issued, £473,269		752,639 8 6
	£239,994,332 6 7				£239,994,332 6 7

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for the year ending 31st December, 1917.

Dr.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	Cr.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Interim Dividend at 18 per cent. per annum to June 30th, 1917, less Income Tax	822,703 8 11		By Balance from last Account		240,538 5 10
„ Dividend payable on 1st February, 1918, at 18 per cent. per annum, less Income Tax	350,246 14 0		„ Net profits for the year ending 31st December, 1917, after providing for all bad and doubtful debts		1,967,716 5 6
„ Reserve Fund for Contingencies	500,000 0 0				
„ Salaries and Bonus to Staff serving with H.M. Forces and Bonus to other Members of the Staff	200,518 19 3				
„ Balance carried forward to next account	733,785 5 8				
	£2,211,254 8 10				£2,211,254 8 10

EDWARD H. HOLDEN, Chairman and Managing Director. DAVID DAVIES, } Directors.
W. G. BRADSHAW, Deputy-Chairman. CARNOCK, }

REPORT OF THE AUDITORS TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK, LIMITED.

In accordance with the provisions of Sub-section 2 of Section 113 of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, we report as follows:—

We have examined the above Balance Sheet in detail with the Books at Head Office and with the certified Returns from the Branches. We have satisfied ourselves as to the correctness of the Cash Balances and the Bills of Exchange, and have verified the correctness of the Money at Call and Short Notice. We have also verified the Securities representing the Investments of the Bank, and having obtained all the information and explanations we have required, we are of opinion that such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Company.

WHINNEY, SMITH, AND WHINNEY, Chartered Accountants, Auditors.

London, 14th January, 1918.

THIS BANK IS THE PROPRIETOR OF THE BELFAST BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED.

H. SAMUEL'S FREE BOOK OF MONEY SAVING BARGAINS

FREE COPY AWAITS YOU!

WRITE TO-DAY!

You will be delighted with the amazing value in every page of H. Samuel's big

FREE BOOK of 3,000 BARGAINS

It's crowded with beautiful Jewellery, Watches, Plate, etc., at next to Factory Prices that save you pounds.

Write for your copy NOW!

25/-

£8

DIAMOND AND GEM RINGS. Enormous variety fine Gems, set in 18-ct. Gold, from 25/-

H. SAMUEL, 189, Market St. Manchester.

FULL MONEY'S WORTH OR MONEY BACK!

H. SAMUEL, LTD.

WHY DO WOMEN DRUDGE?

Goodness knows. But floors and Scrubbing causes most drudgery. You can stop that by covering your floors with Catesbys Cork Lino. *Patterns and Prices free. Dept. 19.*

CATESBYS LTD., London, N.W.1.

SEED POTATOES.

ENGLISH Grown: Yorks, Express, Eclipse, Llewellyn, 112 lb. 20/9, 56 lb. 10/6, 28 lb. 5/6 14 lb. 2/10, 7 lb 1/6; Epicures, 112 lb. 16/9, 56 lb. 9/6, 28 lb 4/6, 14 lb 2/4, 7 lb 1/3; British Queen, Queen Mary, Up-to-Date, King Edward VII., Dalhousie, Factor, 112 lb. 11/-.

All Bags Free. Free on Rail Wisbech. All Vegetable Seeds supplied. Send for Illustrated List.

W. AMOS, SEEDSMAN, CHAPEL STREET, WISBECH, CAMBS.

"SOLOL" ANTISEPTIC (MOUTH & THROAT GARGLE)

SWAIN'S 1288 "ON GUARD."

A perfectly delightful Item in the toilet of all cleanly people, and an Imperative Health Necessity.

Chemists supply 60 for 1/3 (or 2/6), or direct from Western Dental Mfg. Co., Ltd., 74, Wigmore Street, London, W.1. Samples for 2½ stamps.

ALWAYS ON GUARD.

"Bullets" 1st Prize £500

2nd PRIZE £50

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2 : 10	50 PRIZES OF 10/-

For this week only!

3rd PRIZE £10

400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL TARGET PRIZES.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, February 14th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(273) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If a coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 273. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, February 14th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(273) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, February 14th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(273) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for next week's "Bullets" Competition, No. 274. There can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21st. Please note that all coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 274 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons MUST be addressed "Bullets," No. 274, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such coupons MUST NOT contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 274.

RUBY BEE	EXPECTING A LOT	WAITING	FALLING OUT
STUFF TO GIVE 'EM	SUNDAY'S DINNER	UNDER PROTEST	CALF LOVE
TOMMY DESERVES	DOUBLE DEALING	BREAKFAST EGGS	WHEN WOMEN VOTE
THE ONLY WAY	NOT FAT ENOUGH	FOOLING	SMALL JOINT
HANDS OFF	POOR RECRUIT	BREAKING IT OFF	THE KAISER'S PERIL

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two examples may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be dethced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified Judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this only in its entirety conditions of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 273.

IN BERLIN	MEETING INTO LINE	THE CONTEMPTIBLES
PREPARING FOR SPRING	PEACE OFFERS	WHEN WIFE PLEASES
WE ALL WANT	I DON'T THINK	STANDING ARMY
MY HUSBAND	GERMAN SPOKES	AT MEAL TIMES
MATTER OF TASTE	GET DOWN, HUNS	LOVELY WOMAN
WHAT EVERYBODY'S SAYING	LITTLE BOYS	WE THOUGHT ONCE
TOMMY'S SWEETHEART	JUST MORE LOADED	GAVE DISCONTENT
MOST SURPRISING IF	HOW TO FINISH FROITERERS	MOST FOOLISH TO
COMING IN HANDY	THE "KAISER'S WEAK SPOT"	NO GENTLEMAN
HOLDING OUT	MOTHER'S SHOPPING	AFTER THE
WHEN GOVERNMENT PAYS	AFTER A SIT	WEDDING

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty-two examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you: Example:—MOST FOOLISH TO. Bullet: LEND WITHOUT SECURITY. Example: CAUSED DISCONTENT. Bullet: TOO MUCH SOCIAL.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated March 2nd. This week's "Bullets." Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated February 9th.

RESULT OF 270th "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. H. BOYD, Ruskin House, Redditch.
Example:—ON RATIONS.
Bullet:—BETTER THAN PRESENT "HASH."

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Mrs. M. G. JOHNSON,
2, The Grove, Weston Park, Bath.
Example:—RUSSIA'S PERIL.
Bullet:—BECOMING "ABSORBED" IN PEACE.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. S. A. TYRRELL,
12, Princes St., Bishop Auckland.
Example:—KNOWING TOO MUCH.
Bullet:—OFTEN SPOILS LOOK'S APPETITE.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 EACH:

Mr. E. C. B. Row, 4, Poulce Street, Grange, Cardiff:
WHEN WIFE'S OUT—HAVING ANYTHING "IN PEACE."

(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Cpl. H. GODFREY, 38a, Abbey Foregate, Shrewsbury:
WELL AWAY—WOLF FROM PROPHESIER'S DOOR.
Mr. S. MURPHY, St. Mary's School House, Stirling:
RUSSIA'S PERIL—A COUNTRY "BESIDE" ITSELF.
Sergt. H. W. Caffrey, R.I.C., Kilcarra, Co. Galway:
GOVERNMENT OFFICES—WHERE FOOLS "RUSH" IN.
Mr. W. DONNELLY, 7, Glendale Road, Erith:
RUSSIA'S OUT—NOT ENOUGH FOR GERMANS.
Mr. A. E. SKINNER, 54, Carlisle Street, Kilnhurst, Rotherham:
NAVES SNAP—LITTLE THINGS CALLED—KAISERS.
Miss B. [illegible], 6, Empingham Hill, Stamford:
ON SPECIAL DUTY—CENSOR, AFTER CAREFUL SIFTING.
Mrs. HODGSON, The Vale, Limpley Stoke, Wilts:
WELL AWAY—NEUTRALS WISH WAR NOW.
Mr. W. J. BOOMSBY, 280, Green Heath Road, Leicester, Staffs:
HINDENBURG HOPES—GETTING THERE, THEY HERE.
Mr. H. PULLAN, 230, King's Road, Harrogate:
CATCHING IT HOT—BOCHE'S SIDS DOOR KNOCKER.

List of Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 270 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Prize and other Prize-winners can be seen at Offices of "John Bull."

TEN PRIZES OF 22/10s. EACH:

Mr. Hallman, 19, Floyer Road, Small Heath:
ON SPECIAL DUTY—VEGETARIAN'S BANE TO DAY.
Mr. W. J. WEBB, 44, Oxford Street, Middlesbrough, Yorks:
MOST RIDICULOUS WHEN—CHICKEN LIVED RECRUIT DOGGED.
Miss E. ANTHONY, 12, Leabia Road, Clapton, London, E.:
THE KAISER'S TIMBER—HIS PEACE OF WORDS.
Miss K. L. CRANCH, 12, St. Andrew's Road, Folkestone:
THE LAST ROUND—THEY BULL COME OUT.
Mr. G. F. HOARE, 41, Ridley Road, Upper Clapton, London, E.:
CAPTAIN DARE—HALF HIS DEEDS NOT DONE.
Mr. E. J. REAPER, 3, Palmerston Road, Finsbury Park, London:
ON SPECIAL DUTY—TOMMY—AT THE MARRIAGE COMPLAINT.
Spr. A. [illegible], 23/c N.M.F. Co., R.E., c/o [illegible] Road, Smethwick:
IN A BAD WAY—FRIENDS "BOCHE" BUT ROUND.

(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. R. BARLOW, 23, Cowper Street, Accrington-under-Lyne:
IN A BAD WAY—ENJOY TAMES INSECTS JOB.
Mr. C. CORBETT, 18, Newbiggin Street, York:
IN A BAD WAY—GAS, BUT NOT CHAMPAGNE.
Mr. W. H. RITCHIE, 8, Postell Place, Willington, Durham:
LAST GAS—BOCHE'S FIRE, TO ROAST.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE**, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, REBELLION or BLOCKADE. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

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In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child), who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye.	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

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To be Retained by Newsagent.

To ..... Newsagent.

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Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

Feb. 9, 1918.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 12, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

Subscribers should fill in this Form and hand it to their Newsagent to be forwarded to us.

Registration Form.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE MANAGER, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.

I desire to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... Newsagent, of

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and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your insurance scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed by enemy action within the British Isles, or my home or the contents within being damaged, I hereby authorise you to receive any payment due under this insurance, and myself, or in the event of my death, [illegible]

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of Home .....

Feb. 9, 1918.

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Scrip.

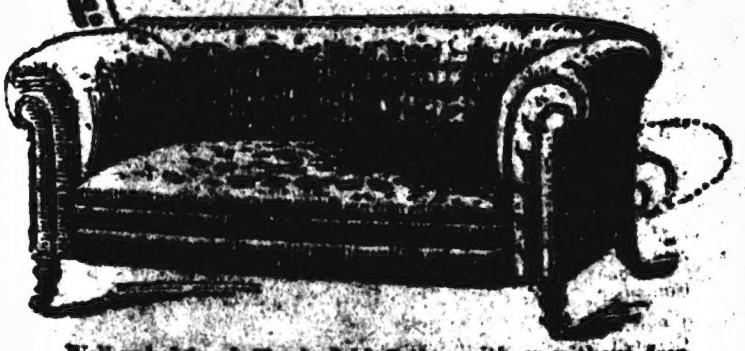
An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, double sprung, sumptuously upholstered and covered in art tapestry to customer's choice. An exceptional bargain at £4 14s. 6d.

When you make your choice

Come where you get the greatest variety of beautiful furniture to choose from. Come to the "Midland." You cannot help finding the very thing you require among the £100,000 worth of spendidly-made furniture in the "Midland" Salons. For variety of selection and sterling value the "Midland" stands alone.

Money buys more at the "Midland."

The more closely you study the "Midland" prices—plainly marked on everything—the more convinced you will be that here you get the utmost possible value for every £1 you spend. You are free to choose whatever you like best, and the "Midland" Ideal Terms enable you to pay for it at your own convenience, without touching your capital, and without paying a single penny for interest or any extras whatsoever.



Well-upholstered Chesterfield Settee, with or without deep ends as desired. Thoroughly well sprung and covered with various shades of art tapestry. £8 18s. 6d.

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Worth.	Per Month.	Worth.	Per Month.
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A

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A place where you can't get "Army Clubs."

"CAVANDERS
Army Club"
CIGARETTES.

Sold in all the Canteens at Home and Abroad
20 for 11d.
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How Hetty King keeps free from Headaches

Photo by Campbell-Gray.

"Palace," Camberwell,
Oct. 16, 1917.

Dear Sirs,—It is only right to let you know I have the highest opinion of your "Daisy" tablets, for they never fail to relieve any headache or neuralgic attack which may happen.

This means a lot to me, for it is important that I should always look and feel well and do justice to my rôles.

"Daisy" tablets are always successful, and I am thankful for their benefits.

You have my full permission to publish this letter, and also my photograph.

Yours sincerely,

Hetty King

Miss Hetty King as a male impersonator in those distinctive rôles so particularly her own has no rival, and to listen to her topical songs, graced by the gesture she so artistically employs, is a veritable antidote for any fit of war-time "blues."

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Daisy Tablets are sold by Boots, Taylor's, and Chemists everywhere at 1/3 per box, or direct (post free) from Daisy, Ltd. (Dept. 77), Leeds.

See the Dri-ped Diamond Trade Mark in purple on each sole: without it the leather's a substitute.

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Dri-ped's Double Wear and Wet-resistance

make it worth while trying; with a little persistence you'll discover some of the small supply available for "Civi" wear.

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Is quite safe to use, it contains no opiates and neither causes headaches nor bad after-effects. It is so sure to give relief that you should accept Free Trial at once. Fill up form and you will receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?"—full of facts as to the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by chemists, herbalists and stores, for us.

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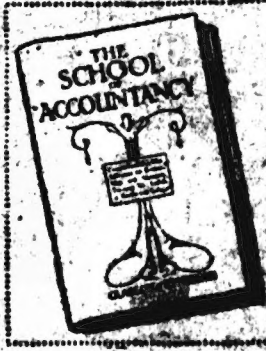

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